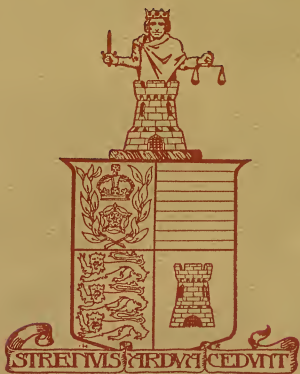
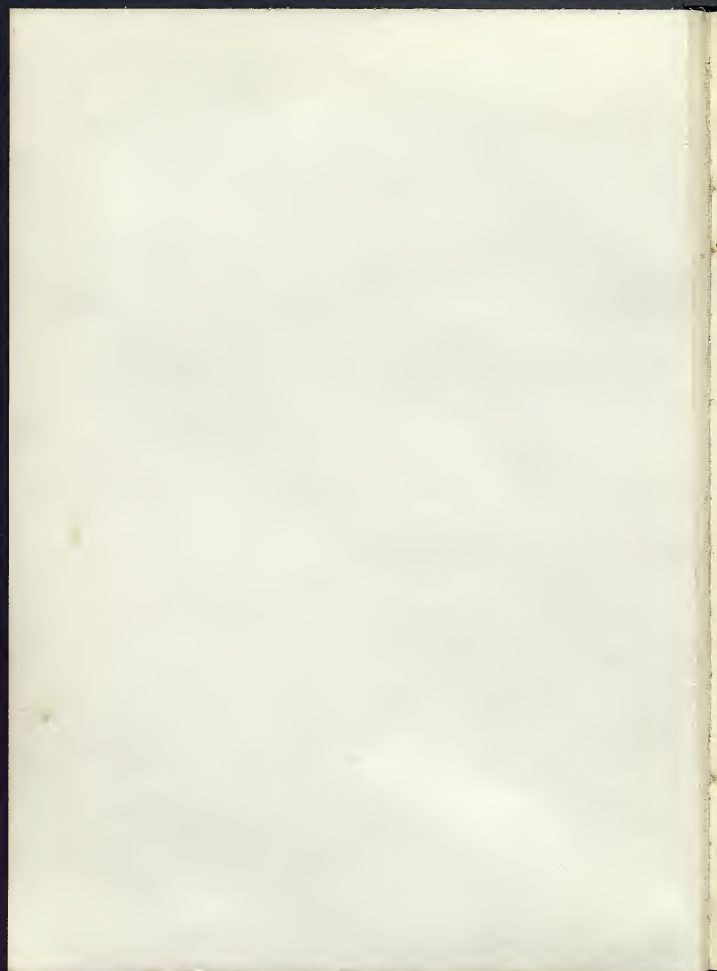


THE SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE



CHRISTMAS TERM - 1925



THE
SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE :: MAGAZINE



VOL. XXVI. CHRISTMAS TERM—1925. NO. 65.

All contributions for the next issue should be addressed to the Editor, and must be signed. Articles are printed, either under any selected pseudonym, or over the initials of the writer.

All communications respecting Advertisements or Subscriptions should be addressed to the Secretary of the Magazine, University College, Southampton.

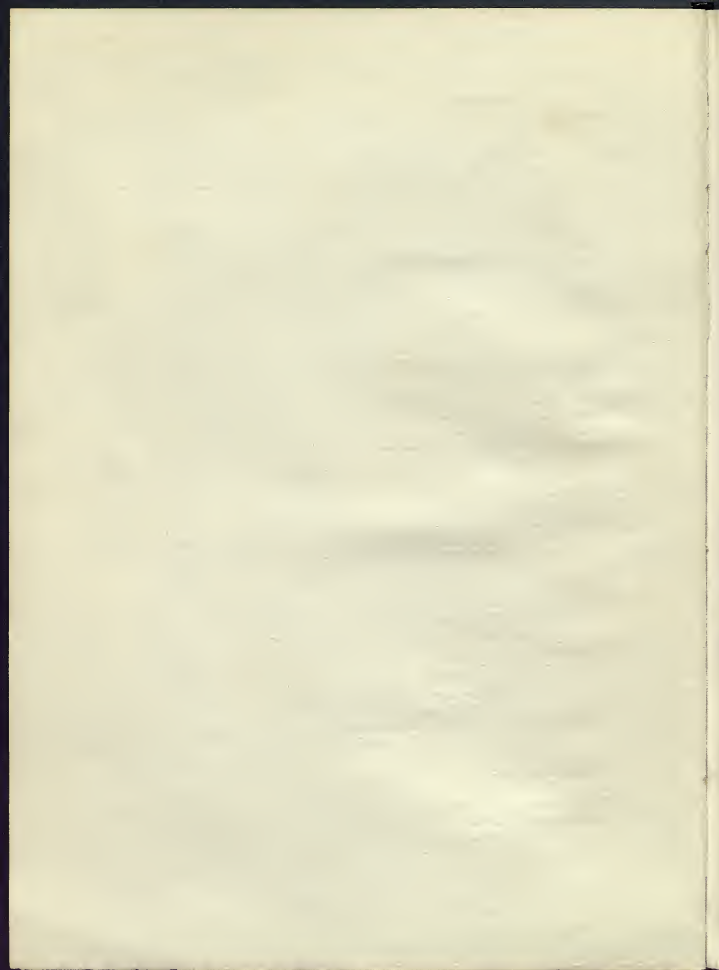
THE SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

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THE SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

EDITORIAL.



ONCE again the *format* of this Magazine has undergone a change into something new and, we believe, better, a change that places it, as far, at least, as production is concerned, on a level with the periodicals produced by other Colleges, and which perhaps justifies the hope that it may one day serve as a model to these latter rather than as before, taking them as the goal of its ambitions and measure of its achievement. The alterations effected in this number are the fruit of much time and what thought we have been able to achieve in it, and we trust they will secure general approbation. But we must remind readers that the estimates

made of our capacity to meet the additional costs are based on every student's purchasing a copy, and that only in this event can the present enlargement be maintained.

MOREOVER,

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be."

Nor certainly are we to rest content with a larger magazine, unless the quality of its contents is correspondingly greater. For this reason, and because there is now more space to fill, may we suggest that some hours in the coming vacation might be spent more unprofitably than in a little thought for the next issue? Too many, we fear, are deterred by a false modesty from permitting us the opportunity to make public the fruits of their talents. To the Freshers (to whom we extend the customary, but none the less hearty, welcome) particularly we look for some new genius, some rare flower at present wasting its fragrance on a desert air. This magazine bears the heavy responsibility of upholding the reputation of U.C.S. in regions too remote to form opinions through other channels, and all who have that reputation at heart (which is to say, among many others, all present students) must have at heart, too, the welfare of this organ.

NEVERTHELESS, in spite of traditional editorial complaints, the response to our appeals has not been unsatisfactory, and we take this opportunity of thanking contributors, whether their efforts have been printed or, owing to lack of space, regretfully held over.

H. E. R.

COLLEGE UNION.—Officers for 1925-6.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL.

| | |
|----------------------------|---|
| President | G. A. F. Grindle. |
| Faculty Representatives :— | |
| Science | Miss K. N. Lacy (Vice-President). |
| Arts | Miss M. I. Baker (N.U.S. Representative). |
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| Science | W. H. Kelley. |
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| Arts | T. W. Sussams, B.A. |
| Engineers | L. R. Farrell (Secretary). |

Mr. A. Plummer having left the College, Mr. T. A. Sinclair has been elected Treasurer of the College Union.

The following additions and alterations have been made to list of officers for 1925-6, published in the last edition of the magazine :—

| | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------------|
| M.C.R. Committee ... | A. M. O. Bechervaise. |
| Athletic Union Committee | President G. W. Dudley, Esq. |
| | Treasurer H. Glover-James, Esq. |
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| Netball | Captain Miss M. E. Bubbers. |
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| | Vice-Captain A. Brandt. |
| Rugby Football | Captain V. G. Hopkins. |
| | Secretary H. J. Tann. |
| | Vice-Captain A. M. Ward. |

L. R. FARRELL,
Hon. Sec. S.C.

SOLOMON.

SOLOMON is by nature one of the most distinguished of cats. During a life regulated by carefully-formed habits, he has achieved that attitude of philosophic aloofness in which the scurry of man, as seen from the sunny window box, or his egoism in ejecting Solomon from the best place before the fire, ceased to ruffle the tranquillity of his existence. When younger, Solomon would have revenged himself by treading on the favourite geraniums, or by scattering the ashes over the hearth-rug, but with the years a stoic indifference to personal discomfort had come to Solomon. Rudely shooed from the fire-place or the window box, he would stalk majestically out of the room and pursue his meditations, curled snugly under the eiderdown in the best bedroom. Nothing now disturbed the even tenor of his life, save the unpunctuality of the butcher's boy or the milkman, twin—one might almost say "joint"—ministers to his bodily well being. To Solomon, dining was the necessary prelude to profound speculation, and as such was invested with all the ritual of a public function. He first graciously received his minions at the kitchen door, and, purring his thanks, dismissed them with never-failing courtesy. Then, proceeding leisurely to the scullery, he approached the dishes with seemly tread, not so quickly as to convey an impression of furtive enjoyment, but not so slowly as to cast aspersions on the quality of the viands. He consumed his milk with noisy enjoyment, dabbling his whiskers in it according to the best traditions of civic banquets. His conversation, at first limited to grunts of animal approval, developed with the meal into a grumbling monotone of blasphemous comment on the weather and the current political situation. Solomon only just failed to be a true English gentleman—he never became intoxicated. A state of mental inertia was out of harmony with the general scheme of Solomon's life. His priming with good things was prompted by no craving for sensuous enjoyment, but was the essential, if pleasant, preliminary to the serious labour of the day. After his repast, he "thought pure thought," until a sense of forlornness within stimulated him once more to the replenishing of his intellectual larder.

ONLY once did Solomon depart from his custom of intent introspection after every meal, and his behaviour on that occasion was not so remarkable for its irregularity as for the hitherto unsuspected depth of his sagacity and foresight which it revealed. He left his meat half eaten, and, with tail as stiff and bushy as a sweep's broom, careered madly into the dining room, spat at my old red slippers, and then flew wildly upstairs. Half-an-hour later the roof teemed with cats of every size, hue, and pedigree, all gathered in attentive circles round Solomon, who, gesticulating freely, harangued them from the tallest chimney stack. The oration over, there rose a hideous wail of approval, and, headed by Solomon, his black coat glistening, his whiskers arched in a mystic F, the assembled cats advanced in a series of short rushes across the neighbouring house tops. For some two hours the motley army, under Solomon's inspiring leadership, practised every kind of military evolution. Now they were spread out in a cloud of skirmishers, peering from behind the chimneys, now they charged in massed columns on some inoffensive weathervane. At length, satisfied as to their efficiency, Solomon dismissed his adherents, cautiously negotiated a gutter pipe, and resumed his old attitude of pensive abstraction.

Later on in the day we realised that what we had at first mistaken for a pardonable outbreak of eccentricity so common to the philosophic mind, was really a supreme example of Solomon's political acumen. While tidying up the scullery, the half-eaten portion of Solomon's meat was found still wrapped

in a page of the previous day's "Daily Wail." This page had contained a leading article on the sinister plotting of Moscow, but the startling, if familiar, headlines, "Another Red Plot," were missing. They had been read, marked, learned, and, quite inadvertently, inwardly digested by Solomon.

CLIO.

THE RÔLE OF THE POET IN HUMAN PROGRESS.

"The men of science have always been wrong . . . the poets and story tellers, especially the classical poets and story tellers, have been, in the main, right."—"Lubin," in "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas.")

FROM the dawn of history the poet has been regarded as a dreamer and idealist by the man of action. Yet it has been this same theorist who has inspired the inventor and the practical man: progress is modelled by the poet. Slowly, even subconsciously, the man of action strives to find concrete expression for the dreams of those whom he professes to ignore. No doubt the mind of the engineer, "of the earth, earthy," does not respond so readily to inspiration as that of the thinker and dreamer of dreams.

Poetry has undoubtedly furnished the principle of most, if not all, modern inventions; poets have flown—on the slopes of Parnassus—and, despite the prognostications of even such scientists as Kelvin, everyone may now do the same. On the other hand, the electrician who could not "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes" would be told to go back to college and learn Ohm's Law.

Shakespeare also refers to the pleasures of making a wireless receiving set:—

"O, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to receive,"

whilst Caliban, as is well known, was very partial to listening-in.

In the light of the work of Einstein, how true are the words which pass between Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay in the play:—

"For he that reads but mathematic rules—
Shall find conclusions that avail to work
Wonders that pass the commonsense of men."

TURNING to the automobile, we find it mentioned by many poets. Keats could speak as feelingly as ourselves about that Colossus of Roads, a charabanc carrying a college football team:—

" . . . a multitude that rear'd
Their voices to the clouds, a fair-wrought car,
Easily rolling . . . "

("Endymion," ll. 164-166.)

What profound thinker said, "The road to Hell is paved with good inventions?"

Another hitherto unpublished example, which at the same time throws a new light on one of the greatest puzzles of natural science, will now be disclosed to the world. The ultimate fate of the decrepit motor car ranks only with the hibernal resort of the common house-fly (*musea domestica*) in its elusiveness. The commonly accepted theory was that after being given away for a potted

maiden-hair fern or aspidistra it was converted into alarum clocks. But, after reading the following lines of Shelley, the author was able to disprove this idea entirely :—

"She had a boat, which some say Vulcan wrought
For Venus, as the chariot of her star ;
But it was found too feeble to be fraught
With all the ardours in that sphere which are
And so she sold it, and Apollo bought¹
And gave it to this daughter ; from a car
Changed to the fairest and the lightest boat
Which ever upon mortal stream did float."

("The Witch of Atlas," ll. 289-296.)

Another genius also saw the full significance of this passage, and utilised the poet's suggestion. Stamp paper being somewhat expensive, Henry Ford gives a new lease of life to his mechanical namesake, doddering with three wheels in the grave, by converting it into one or more of his "Collapsible Boats," which will bear perchance its former owner on the bosom of the deep, far from mechanical cares. "Merely as corroborative detail," it may be mentioned that both vehicles are more or less collapsible.

WHILST it is to be hoped that there will be no attempt to resuscitate the alarum clock theory after this, yet even the above monumental piece of literary research does not reveal the ultima thule of these changes: Does the boat, risen phoenix-like from the car's ruins,

"... suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange"

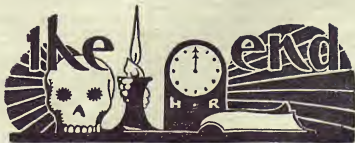
at the end of its allotted span? We do not yet know.

"ROOKE."

¹Apollo evidently used the car temporarily for business purposes:

"... Phœbus' fiery carre,
In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill."

(Spenser, "Faery Queene," I. ii., 1).



THE TALE OF A BED.

AN anxious nurse phoned for the doctor and watched the patient's temperature climb higher and higher. That night they moved him to the devil's own bed. From the first he instinctively hated it and, as his strength ebbed slowly away, so his hatred of the bed intensified. Stronger and fiercer grew the conviction that the fiendish thing was sapping at his life, draining away his vigour, killing him. Frantically he begged to be placed in another, but the nurses and doctors restrained him, thinking in their wisdom that the old man was wandering. So, poor fools, one night after he had crept from his bed and temporarily escaped its cold embrace, they cruelly replaced him, leaving him crying like a child.

* * * * *

OLD Jerry was sinking. The news spread rapidly. Some said that his mind was gone and that he was swearing horribly—swearing that between them the Second Nurse and his bed were killing him. Jeremy had always disliked the Second Nurse, but the fact that he had taken exception to an impeccable air-bed could not be overlooked. On the other hand his old cronies accepted Jerry's invective as a good sign.

* * * * *

THE Gatekeeper had just heard the worst, for past him had gone the Second Nurse, on her evening out, crying, as the gates clanged viciously behind her, that the old wretch was going fast. A fit of contempt seized him that she should carry her petty feud even to death, and he moved away musing sadly—his old pal was leaving him.

As he lit his pipe, his eye glimpsed a printed notice on the belfry wall. "This Bell may only be rung in case of Fire." His pipe flamed suddenly. Grimly he re-read the notice and spat.

* * * * *

UP in the silent ward old Jerry lifted his fading eyes to those of the nurse beside and, gasping, pleaded to be moved to another bed. Turning doubtfully to the waiting doctor she repeated the faint request. "A few hours, more or less, do they matter?" thought the doctor—he was very young—and found the answer not so much in himself as in the old man's face. Gently they stripped off the blankets and began to prepare another bed. Old Jeremy watched them, trembling through excitement and weakness. He would cheat the old devil after all. Swearing happily, he turned over on his side but, even as he moved, slipped, and slipping, fell. A feeble hand sought desperately for bedclothes that were not there. He strove to scream but no sound came and, clawing helplessly at the smooth, round mattress, he crashed to the ground. Startled, the nurse and doctor turned to see Jeremy lying twitching on the floor. With a superhuman effort he tottered to his feet and, shrieking in dreadful delight, buried a knife deep in the inflated mattress. An outrush of air, the bed wilted and collapsed, whilst Jerry fell choking into the doctor's arms.

AN hour later the Infirmary bell tolled slowly and stately, a pipe glowed furiously under the belfry, and a frightened nurse beat unavailingly on the barred gates.

T. IMBER.

PUTTING THE SHAKE IN SHAKESPEARE.

POPULAR PROFESSOR SURE HANDS THE SWAN HIS FOR KEEPS.
UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURE AT PRAIRIE CITY (MICH.).

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

LAST night, in the barn of Clancy's grain store, on Main Street, there was a large and representative round-up of all the high-brows of this progressive burg to meet Professor Silas G. Whizz, of the State University, who shot them a straight line of dope on "Is Literature a Paying Proposition?"

Having referred at some length to our glorious American institutions, and said a mouthful about the progress in culture made by this two-fisted he-town, the Professor stepped into the ring, and had the Bard guessing right from the bang of the gong. Shakespeare, he said, was about as much use to modern honest-to-god civilization as a blanket to a horse-thief in the next world. A perusal of his spiels left the Professor as cold as snow on a convent roof, or the welcome of a republican candidate in Texas.

It was largely due to the enervating climate of sleepy Stratford-city-on-Avon, and the corrupting influence of monarchical institutions, that Shakespeare failed to put across the goods. Had William McKinley Vanshakespeare been raised in the boundless and unfettered atmosphere of Prairie City, had he been suckled at the breast of our glorious star-spangled Motherland on the pure milk of republicanism, it is a cinch that he would have taken the slopes of Parnassus on top gear, hitting it on all six cylinders.

"Old man Homer might twang his lyre for dimes round the seven cities of his birth,—but a ukelele for mine," is what he would have said. And when he met Sadie Hathaway, the Sophomore co-ed., at a petting-party, he would have landed her with:—

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

If that's the big idea, kid, forget it.

Why, any rube sure knows that buds of May,

When winter comes, right in the neck will get it.

And, furthermore, I've gotta sorta hunch,

That, though you're warm enough, you've got to hand it

To Heaven's eye for heat that's got a punch;

Say! even your complexion wouldn't stand it.

And summer's lease hath all too short a credit,

But thy eternal summer shall not fade.

So when you're dead as nails, say! peach, I've said it,

You still will hit a hundred in the shade.

I tell the world, as long as I can holler,

Your chance of heaven ain't worth half-a-dollar.

And no jane living could resist such wood-notes wild; she would have packed her grip, and left the old homestead, and squeaked, "I will," before the parson had time to open book and fix his pince-nez.



THE Professor said the tragedies needed pep, and proceeded to reconstruct some of them on lines more suited to a moral and enlightened age. Othello, he guessed, would figure as a coloured man with a Harvard education, who won the Congress Medal for helping to save Europe in the Great War. He married Desdemona, a beaut from Beautsville, one of the cutest ever, whose old man had cornered the hollow-ground razor output, and whose ma led the upper four hundred dames on Fifth Avenue, in search of uplift. The yellow streak comes out in the last act, and the nigger cuts her throat with one of her pop's three-dollar razors; and is acquitted by a Philadelphia jury under the unwritten law, and through having a cousin in the Force.

"The Tempest," said the lecturer, was a consumptive zephyr, compared to what American hundred per cent. efficiency could have made it. Had he the plantation of that isle and were the author, he would have made Ariel put some jazz in the muse :—

If the bee sucks, why can't I ?
 The amendment I'll defy,
 In Boyle's saloon you'll hear me cry—
 "Attaboy ! Attaboy ! swat dat fly."
 Oh gee ! it's simply grand.
 Say bo ! this beats the band.
 Every guy, suttinly, loves mother more
 When couched with a bottle of hooch on the floor.

AT the conclusion of his stimulating and scholarly address, the Professor was asked what he thought of the great Bacon controversy. In reply, he stated that, after giving the whole situation due and full consideration, he and his colleagues felt strongly that, if the present stampede in futures held over the week-end, the Chicago ring would be caught short on October deliveries; and he advised all present to hold up stocks against a probable stiffening in prices during the latter end of the Fall.



A FINE SONG.

A LL hail the power of Warden's name,
Let students prostrate fall,
Bring forth the ostiarius,
And fine him (etc.), first of all.

Ye tribes along the corridor,
Who loudly caterwaul,
Beware the janitor at night.
He'll fine you (etc.), one and all.

Ye men who never, never swot,
But gaily chase the ball,
Be sure you'll get it piping hot
At ev'ry, ev'ry (etc.), first of all.

And ye who Arts and Science read,
If these my rimes appal,
Ye are of Newton's, Shakespeare's breed,
So shine ye (etc.), shine ye over all.

Ye fiery picket, six feet high,
Who guard our sacred hall,
O hear the Matron's anguished cry :
Refine ye, refine ye (etc.), short and tall.

Ye knuts who stalk on church parade,
Whom damsels sweetly call,
Beware the love-knot's silken braid,
'Twill twine you (etc.), heart and all.

Ye braves who sleep where horses fed,
Your crib the gee-gees' stall,
Fear not, when you get into bed,
Their whining (etc.), ghostly-whining call.

Glad hearts undaunted by the scare
Of bells that ever bawl,
For this in justice we declare,
We'll fine you (etc.), not at all.

Let seniors and juniors blare
This chorus once for all ;
The Warden, too, we cannot spare,
We'll fine him (etc.), last of all.

A. A. C.

THE WRITINGS OF EULYMUS THE SCRIBE.

1. *Concerning things that did come to pass.* 5. *The Chief Ruler doeth those things that he was commanded.* 7. *The Keeper of Shekels is afeard.* 9. *The Chief Priest exhorteth the Tribes.* 12. *The Tribes return.*

¶ 1. **A**ND it came to pass in the month of Nov on the twenty-fifth day of the month, and in the middle of the night, *strange* things did come to pass in the House of Stone.

2. For lo! whilst *many* of the tribes assembled there did sleep, and did snore in their tents, the Chief Priest and Elder of the Annexe did call unto the Chief Ruler, *saying* :

3. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the time hath come when the tribes must be gathered together in the Hall of the Temple, that they may be numbered according to the custom that is known as *Firedrill*.

4. Go ye therefore into the passages and corridors and cry out with a loud voice, ring ye the great bell and divers other bells, and use small instruments of musick that the multitudes may hear and believe.

¶ 5. **A**ND it came to pass that the Chief Ruler did that which he was commanded, and *great* was the noise thereof.

6. He that was named Plug, and Ben, the son of Bake, did help the Chief Ruler, and the noise that they made did strike terror into the souls of many.

¶ 7. **F**OR lo! he that was named after darkness, the Keeper of the shekels of the Playreadclub, did snatch up all the pieces of silver that he had and did fly therewith.

8. And great was his wrath, and loud were his curses upon *those* that did cause fear in his bosom.

¶ 9. **A**ND lo! when the multitudes had gathered together, the Chief Priest did command Kellai the Scribe to call out the names one by one, and there were present not a *few*.

10. And as he finished, those that did seek out the lost tribes in the wilderness did return, and *their* names were called.

11. The Chief Priest then exhorted the multitudes, saying : Return ye to thy tents, for thy beds grow cold, and be ye not afraid, for these *things* have been commanded by the High Priest of Stone.

¶ 12. **A**ND the multitudes did return to their tents, speaking loudly one to another, and *many* were the words used that cannot be found in the Book of Words, for many did shiver as they went, as there was much frost on the ground.

A CONCISE ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

THE hour was late and my brain, jaded by the labour of protracted thought, refused to function properly. My ideas were jumbled, my attention flitted among a thousand phantasies starting up from the dark recesses of my mind. In vain I sought amidst the confusion for the appropriate word, exact—similar—parallel. Perhaps parallel would do, and my pen obeying the impulse obediently scrawled paral—and then stopped in doubt. How did one spell parallel? To end my perplexity I reached for the dictionary and turned over its leaves, Quiet—Quote—Pall—Par—Parallel, with two "l's." Preparing to close the book and resume work my eye was caught by the unusual appearance of the word "party." Its initial letter had slipped sideways and had a positively challenging leer, prompting me to a closer scrutiny:—

- PARTY. (1.) A disease prevalent at Christmas and other pagan festivals.
(2.) The fools led by the knaves united on a common principle of greed.

Not without a feeling of dismay I glanced hastily at the nearest words and read the accompanying elucidations.

- PARLIAMENT. The crowning folly of British political genius.
PATRIOTISM. Britain for the British and China for the—British too.
PEACE. The interval in which to prepare for the next war.
PHILOSOPHY. Transcendental humbug masquerading as transcendental thought.
POLITICS. The art of misgovernment.
PRESBYTER. One who damns you when alive and prays for you when dead.
PRESS. Lies, half-truths, and statistics in block capitals.
PRIEST. The administer of a weekly soporific for tender consciences.
PROFESSOR. The occupant of a high stool in our universities.
PROMISE. See PIECRUST.

I read no further. What book was this? I turned for conviction to the cover and there, in familiar gold, its title stared out with reassuring boldness. Again I consulted the inside. Parallel with two "l's," party (1.) a festive gathering (2.) a body of men united on broad principles for the furtherance of the common good. Thoughtfully I replaced the volume among its companions. "United on broad principles for the common good." "United on a common principle of greed." Well, I wonder!

MIDDLE ICELANDIC CONICS.

YOU can, of course, affix any title you like. Personally, this is the lecture which I find most unbearable, and the one in which I play the sonnet game most often. The game can be played at any time, but it is of particular value in a boring lecture, as one can be deeply immersed in it and yet present every appearance of industry. It has great advantages over the Cross Word Puzzle, which necessitates the concealment of a large sheet of newspaper; it is far better than snap, which, though exciting, is apt to lead to exciting consequences; there is a sameness and a dullness about "noughts and crosses," and a progressive whist-drive is hard on the knees. Obviously the sonnet game is far the best way of speeding the dull lecture hour. Let me explain.

FIRST of all, make a rhyme scheme: A B B A, you know the way. And let the words be quaint, if possible; nor should they have too obvious a connection. Then, having the rhyme scheme, proceed to fill in the sonnet; and one of the rules of the game is, that it should make sense. Here is what I consider to be a particularly fine example, for, as you must admit, the rhyme scheme is tricky, very tricky:—

Our parrot-cage contains a little *pig*;
 I like my pork with apple-sauce all *hot*.
 Alas! I fear it will not fill the *pot*,
 So we shall have to go and dance a *jig*,
 Hanging our clothing on a handy *twig*.
 If on the landscape this should prove a *blot*,
 Let it be carried to some distant *spot*
 Where no man is; perforce then we must *dig*
 Potatoes, sunflowers, cucumbers, or *straw*.
 Providing beef and beer to fill the *house*.
 Oh! lovely beef and beer that hunger *stays*,
 When sweat from manly brows has ceased to *pour*,
 And sleep enfolds both man and sylvan *louse*.
 Hark! how the blood hound in the pig-sty *bays*!

YOU see how the whole pitiful tale unfolds itself? There is the impoverished home and the hungry inmates, who, sooner than sacrifice their pet pig, which they cherish in a parrot-cage, rather than letting it catch its death of cold in a nasty sty, perform dances in the public thoroughfares in the hope of obtaining money. But, alas! their hopes are not realised, and an unkind policeman requests them to remove their thread-bare coats, which they have hung upon the branches of one of those convenient trees that grow in the middle of the path. It is all no use! But, stay! They have had a pious upbringing; a phrase from the Bible comes back to them, "I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed."

They were not ashamed to beg, so why the deuce should they not dig? A good idea. They go round applying for jobs as odd gardeners and handy men.

They have luck, they get taken on; they dig the potato patch, the sunflower bed, the cucumber frames, and—well, I confess this was difficult; but we can get over it by saying that they were sent into the stable to lay down straw to keep the poor, dear horses' feet dry. And they got well paid for the job. Oh, yes! And they bought food, good filling food, for themselves; also, doubtless,

for the pet pig, which, if you remember, was kept in the parrot-cage. Bear that in mind, for we shall allude to it in a minute.

Meanwhile, notice the peaceful picture of the household at rest at eventide. Having filled themselves up with beef and beer (note that nice rhetorical line, "Oh! lovely beef and beer . . ."), they retire to their couches. Everyone, note, everyone is enfolded in sleep, even the wood-louse concealed in the cranny in the wall (you can see we've had education). All, all sleep—save one.

Now cast your mind back to the pet pig in the parrot-cage. Why was this noble animal, this hound of the Baskervilles, so to speak, confined in the pig-sty? It is all quite, quite logical. The money ran to beef and beer, but it could not run to a kennel for the noble hound. But—the pig-sty was empty, owing to the pig being in the parrot-cage. So Alphonse was put into the pig-sty. With what a climax does this sonnet end; what a startling line it is!

Silence reigns; both man and beast (here typified by the woodland louse) are asleep. Suddenly the silence is rudely shattered. Hideous echoes reverberate. Aha! It is the noble hound, baying in his pig-sty, for they have forgotten to give him any beef and beer.

X.



THE VICE REGAL.

I PAID a visit to my tobacconist the other day. OFFER, his name is, though at the moment I could not think of it.

"Good morning, Mr. Utter,"—fool, I nearly said.

"Good morning, sir," said he.

"I would like a new pipe."

"Yes, sir. A new pipe."

A trick of the trade, you will observe, always to agree.

"What shape and size do you favour, sir?"

I went into details. Now I know a lot about pipes, for, singularly enough, I both smoke *and* love them, and I have a row of straight grains. Sweinish & Sons, of Bleet Street, call these the aristocrats of pipes, but I am sure that is only to create a demand. This set I have named "BROMOS," one, two, three, etc. If you have that education necessary for the big, broad, flexible outlook on life (this is also obtained by a pipe), you will know what BROMOS is Greek for. In a similar way I refer to my meerschaums as MEERCH, this or that. Of course, I have others, in particular one with three B's on it—"Bubble, Boil, and Burple," I suppose, or maybe "Blister"; anyway, it sounds like it. I also have an amber mouthpiece with a fly hole. The place where it was I filled with wax, and it shows up quite nicely. But let me warn against clays. I started a series called OTASELL, but gave up. To hold the pipe in the mouth, one must bind the end with string; the bitter end of this, if I may say so, gets wet and horrid.

RETURNING to the theme, I explained the type I wanted, and, finally, produced the sketch I had prepared in readiness. I saw all the makes—from BLACKTAIN CAPS to BUNHILL'S BLASTED BRIARS, five guineas each or two-and-six down, and the thing is yours on the E.P.S. It's the Drudge Way, and it pays, Mr. Knowall. You pay half and keep half the pipe, and generously they give you back the other half . . . but they've had their whack.

I finally fixed on a Wonderful One with a plated inside, but he told me "this was so as not to corrode," and so I did not buy it. Oh, no. If the pipe would not corrode, then I should get it and I should corrode, and I did not like that.

No, no, I returned to my BROMIDES.

ABOE.

ON GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

[With many, many thanks to that *clever* man, whose name begins with a capital J.]

A LITTLE time ago, some of the most fortunate men and women in College were told that one really ought not to get on in the world. I trust sincerely that these fortunate *individuals* have taken that remark very much to heart. If they have not already done so, may I, as a friend of humanity in general, and of Education Students in particular, convey to them a warning? My friends—ponder on this matter. Do not for one moment, I beseech you, enable any of the powers that be to accuse you of endeavouring to "get on." But take care also that you are not proved to be idling. This time there is no doubt as to the Board's action, and remember that it is impossible to enjoy idling thoroughly unless one has plenty of work to do. There is no fun in doing nothing, when you have nothing to do. Idleness, like kisses, to be sweet must be stolen. And do not forget that good people say that it is wicked to be ambitious.

The good people. Ah! Yes!! Those good people! Good people, my friends, are altogether wrong. (They generally are; at any rate, we never agree). What would this world do without ambitious people, I should like to know? Surely the ambitious people are the busybodies who are about early in the morning, hammering, shouting, and rattling the fire-irons, and mostly rendering it impossible for the rest of the world to remain abed.

WRONG to be ambitious, forsooth! Ah! But do remember that if you get on, some poor man has to "get out." What of it? Let that "poor man" go—(I think the full stop must come there, my friends). Wrong to be ambitious! Huh! Those men wrong, who, with bent back and sweating brow, cut the smooth road over which humanity marches forward from generation to generation? Men wrong, for using the talents the Master has entrusted to them?

Of course they are seeking their reward! Man is not given that God-like unselfishness that thinks only of others' good. But in working for themselves they are working for us all. We are so bound together that no man can labour for himself alone. Each blow he strikes helps to mould the universe. The stream, in struggling onward, turns the mill wheel; the coral insect, fashioning its tiny cell, joins continents together; and the ambitious man, building a pedestal for himself, leaves a monument to posterity. Alexander and Cæsar fought for their own ends, but, in doing so, did they not put a belt of civilization half round the earth?

Contented, unambitious people are all very well in their way; they form a neat, useful background for great portraits to be painted against, and they make a respectable, if unintelligent, audience for the active spirits to play before. I have not a word to say against contented people so long as they keep quiet; but do not, for goodness sake, let them go strutting about, as they are so fond of doing, crying out that they are the true models for the whole species.

And do not let them imagine—as they are also very fond of doing—that they are very wise and philosophical, and that it is a very *artful* thing to be contented. It may be true that "a contented mind is happy anywhere," but so is a Jerusalem pony, and the consequence is that both are put anywhere and treated anyhow.

If you are foolish enough to be contented, don't show it, but grumble with the rest; and if you can do with a little, ask for a great deal. Because if you

don't, you won't get any. In this world, if you're satisfied with a 100, begin by insisting on a 1,000: if you start by suggesting a 100, you *may* get 10.

IT was by not following this simple plan that poor old Jean Jacques Rousseau came to such grief. He fixed the summit of his earthly bliss at living in an orchard with an amiable woman and a cow. He never attained even that. He did get as far as the orchard: but the woman was not amiable, there was no cow, and she—the woman—brought her mother with her. Now, if he had made up his mind for a large country estate, a houseful of angels and a cattle show, he might have lived to possess his kitchen garden and one or two stock, and even possibly have found that "*rara avis*"—a *really* amiable woman.

Again, the contented individual can never know the excitement of expectation, nor the stern delight of accomplished effort, such as stir the pulse of the man who has objects and plans. To the ambitious man, life is a brilliant game—a game that calls forth all his tact and energy and nerve—a game to be won in the long run by the quick eye and the steady hand, and yet, having sufficient chance about its working to give it all the glorious element of uncertainty. If he wins he gets the grim joy of fighting; if he lose the race, he, at least, has had a good run. Better to work and fail—rather than go to sleep. Some few *do* win; and, as for the rest, surely

"The rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

But, my dear friends—a gentle reminder! Do not, I pray you, place yourself in such a position as to lead to your being accused of trying to "get on." For is it not a possibility that the Board *really would* take a serious view of such a matter? Mark well, then, the reckoning!

THE SPECTATOR.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[N.B.—Readers desiring reply by post should mark their letters "Private," and enclose stamped addressed envelope. All such enquiries will be treated as strictly confidential.]

We believe, Reggie, that a light grey spat with pearl buttons is all the rage in London this winter.

No, Mr. W-bb, we can think of no local publisher who would accept your book, "Practical Hints on Goalkeeping."

We think, Senator, that you are very wise in wishing to educate yourself up to the high station to which you have—most deservedly, we are sure—been called. We should suggest for a start that you read Adam Smith and Machiavelli.

A useful means of removing a rival, Mr. B-nn-st-r, is to apply doses of powdered glass. Mixed in Stoneham cake, it is quite unnoticeable.

As far as we know, Mr. N-ch-l-s, there is no cause for alarm. We have heard nothing of the rumour that the price of Woodbines is to be raised.

A. M. O. B.—We believe that Pelman's "Elementary Course for Junior Speakers" will suit your requirements.

H. R. M.—It is said that there are 2,000,000 surplus women in England, so that when you go down you will still have 1,999,850 chances.

MERLIN.



PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

"Rebuilding Europe." Ruth Rouse. S.C.M. xvi, 224 pp. 4/- (2/6 paper) net.

"A Family in the Making." R. O. Hall. S.C.M. 116 pp. 3/6 (2/- paper) net.

"Nonesuch"; "Sphinx"; "Gobli"; "University"; "Northerner."



HIGHFIELD HALL NOTES.

HIGHFIELD Hall has been a very jolly house this term. Seniors welcomed Juniors after a week's school practice, but were not too tired to consider the health of the new-comers: in fact, they rather benefited themselves by the physical exercises before breakfast. The welcome social was very successful, and, as a result, we soon began to know each other well.

Our Dramatic Club is to be congratulated upon the reproduction of the mock opera. We anticipate a fine show when they play "The Lilies of the Field" at our social, with South Stoneham House Juniors and some of the staff as guests, on December 5th.

We have been active on the sports field, having drawn with South Hill at hockey, with Montefiore House at netball, and having lost to South Hill at netball. Our Swimming Club was very active at the beginning of the term, but during the last few weeks the weather has been too trying.

We welcome the formation of a musical society, which has manifested itself in two "*thés chantants*": we look forward to further enjoyable tea times next term. Meanwhile, we wish everyone a good vacation and a merry Christmas.

M. E. B.

SOUTH HILL.

"THE thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction"—

but what to write concerning this year, we know not. Even the assiduous study of seventeen past magazines and the application of a cold water bandage fail to rouse our Muse to action, and, turning to the past for inspiration, an ancient poet has only this to offer:—

"Fool, . . . look in thy heart and write."

We look and we find there the thought of six lectures unattended and four essays undone, and in the dim background the remembrance of a jolly social, organised by our Juniors, who satisfy a well-known requirement of "quality, not quantity."

Life this term has not provided many thrills, always excepting, of course, lectures. Here, we might add, that there is considerable danger of familiarity breeding contempt.

With the dim past we have dealt, although inadequately; the dim future holds the promise of an Inter-Hall Social and terminals. The first we hope will be a success, the second also! but the feelings of the House on this matter are too strong for expression. We would end on a serious note and with a word of warning.

"Work while yet it is day, for the night cometh when"—ye shall also work.

K. N. L.

S. S. H.

STILL we grow! There are 93 of us in residence this session. The increase in numbers caused no little flutter in the domestic dove-cote, and necessitated the opening of further new quarters, but affairs were soon going quite smoothly.

The term opened happily. The Seniors were able to welcome back four of the six of their number who graduated in June; and the forty Freshers, formally entertained during the evening of the first Friday of term, settled down very quickly to enjoy life in general. We understand they are arranging a return "show" early in December.

We have been exceptionally fortunate in having had, among our guests, the Lord Bishop of Trinidad, who told us of his interesting mission work; the President of the College, who gave us a fine lecture on "Toleration"; and Lady Swaythling, who spent an hour with us in our Common Room, singing to us and hearing our songs.

The term has seen several innovations. On November 5th we had a firework display in the middle of the playing field, and some of us took advantage of the occasion to entertain Portswoodians with a minor rag. Indoors we have added chess sets and a ping-pong table to our games apparatus, and the latter bids fair to produce tournaments, which will reduce the Billiards Handicap (won this term by Mr. Smallshaw) to insignificance. The Freshers very kindly contributed an additional battery for the wireless set, and we now have all programmes regularly. In one respect we have lost ground. There are no new tenors, and, in consequence, our choral party is, for performance purposes, reduced to an octette.

In conclusion, we welcome Mr. Sumner, who has taken up his abode among us. We trust his stay is proving a pleasant one.

H. J. T.

MONTEFIORE HOUSE.

WE have now passed the stage of blushing to hear ourselves mentioned, and we appreciate the kind reception everyone has given us. We made our first public appearance at the Freshers' Social, where we performed a soul-stirring tragedy, and were greatly elated to find our name in print, in the "Echo." Since then we have played a netball match against Highfield Hall (result—a draw), and enjoyed a social evening, with the Town Men as our guests.

At our first family gathering we discovered a very gracious warden in Mrs. Green, and a general and gratifying enthusiasm among Senior and Junior members. The Social Committee has given proof of powers of organisation and hard work. We have also what promises to be a lively Study Circle with Miss Trout as leader.

Our secret ambition (which we never tell anyone) is to read our name in the Calendar. In the meanwhile we shall be content with the joy of appearing in the Magazine.

P. B. H.

THE PLAY READING CLUB.

THE Play Reading Club enters on its third year of existence, with its activities considerably hampered by an alarming crop of lectures, which we are told are necessary. Nevertheless, in spite of the demands of Boards of Studies and external examiners, our membership keeps promisingly high, our meetings are still enthusiastic and unconventional, and we number in our midst daring spirits who are venturing the production of "Alcestis." We very much appreciate the action of the Wardens in arranging for tea in the ~~KS~~ectory for hostel students, and perhaps, if we could persuade them to attend our meetings, we might convince them of our case for extending the time at our disposal. Frankly, however, our objects are not academic, although they may be educative. We are out to enjoy ourselves, and the knowledge of how to do that healthily is part of a liberal education. If your education has been neglected in this respect, the remedy is obvious, and our Treasurer is willing to receive subscriptions, even in his bath!

T. W. S.

SOIRÉE.

THE Opening Soirée was on November 7th, the first to be held in the new Assembly Hall. The Principal would have met us there, but was called away on business.

Nearly half of the College were present, all seeming eager to enjoy themselves. It is strongly suspected that even Highfield Hall found this not too difficult; certainly, it is hoped that they passed a pleasant social evening!

The Soirée Committee is very grateful to those who so willingly helped to make the Soirée a success. Mr. Farrell, as M.C., was heart-gladdening; Mr. Chester made possible the changing colourful twilights; volunteers from Stoneham (many of whom were not attending the Soirée) worked hard as furniture transferers; finally, the Wardens gave leave from Hostel sufficient for us to continue until 11 p.m.—a generally appreciated concession.

A. M. B.

S. C. M.

THIS term shows a considerable increase in our activities. The usual Freshers' Social was the first College function to be held in the Great Hall, and was well attended and, we hope, thoroughly enjoyed. The S.C.M. speech, which our President should have given, had to be abandoned owing to lack of time, but was very much appreciated one lunch hour during the next week. We have started a monthly series of discussion groups, the first one, which was held on November 6th, proving very successful, thanks to a large assembly, and to Prof. Lyttel's interesting talk on "Difficulties in Belief."

The next meeting comes soon, when we look forward with pleasure to a talk from Mr. Harlow on "The Inspiration of the Bible."

The women had a visit from Miss Ramsbotham early in the term, and she held successful meetings at the Hostels and with the Montefiore House. We hope the men had as good a week-end with Mr. Gregg when he visited them.

We are glad to say that the Montefiore House has started a study circle, while successful ones are still being held at Stoneham, South Hill, and Highfield. Our secretary is representing the women at "Civics," at Swanwick, in January,

and it is cheering to know that three men are also going. This term's activities will conclude with a visit from Rev. H. M. Grace, on December 10th, when he will talk on "African Education." May next term be as successful as this one.

K. E. W.

N. U. S.

OWING to the rapid progress of this organisation, it was found necessary this term to elect an N.U.S. Committee, consisting of the President of the Students' Council, Mr. Grindle—a Hospitality Secretary, Miss B. J. Harding—the Sub-Editor of the "University," Mr. A. S. T. Hunt—a Tours Secretary, Mr. A. M. Ward, and the N.U.S. Secretary.

Our activities so far have been varied. Under the heading of Hospitality we have welcomed a party of twenty-five German students, who landed at Southampton during the summer vacation; entertained for one day Mr. Sher, one of the Russian students touring the British Universities; while we are looking forward to welcoming one hundred and fifty South African students, landing here on December 28th.

On November 20th Mr. Macadam, Honorary Organising Secretary of the N.U.S., addressed an appreciative and enthusiastic audience, and we are hoping that the interest he aroused in the N.U.S. will steadily increase.

The Book Scheme is working well, proving of benefit to many students, while it is gratifying to see that some of our people are thinking of taking advantage of the splendid tours arranged by the Travel Department for the Christmas vacation. We are also pleased to be able to nominate our Hospitality Secretary as a candidate for accepting the invitation of the Polish N.U.S. to visit Poland at Christmas.

Enthusiasm for the Congress at Cambridge next Easter is running high, and our only fear is that too few places will be allotted for our large party. Will those desirous of attending please let me have their names as soon as possible?

The Club Room at Headquarters, 3, Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1, is at the disposal of all students. Please use it.

The N.U.S. is helping to build *our* traditions among the Universities of England. Will you support it?

M. I. B.

L. N. U.

WE had a very successful meeting of the I.U.L.N.F. at Geneva this summer. It was noticeable that there were a number of German and American students present, both at the classes and at the Congress.

So far this term we have held no large meetings, but we have had the pleasure of hearing the Principal speak for the first time in the Assembly Hall. He gave us a short but most interesting talk on "How History Appeals to Me." We hope that this will not be the last time that he addresses us from this platform in a similar way.

Next term we hope to welcome to our College Professor Zimmern, who is, no doubt, well known, at least by name and renown, to many of us.

V. M. C.

LIT. & DEB. SOC.

THIS session has seen the oldest Society in the College taking on a new lease of life.

The opening debate was held in the second week of term, the speakers being Mr. Harlow for and Prof. B. I. Evans against the motion. The motion, "That the Emancipation of Woman is a National Disaster," was lost, in spite of an able speech by Mr. Harlow. Mr. Dudley was in the chair.

This was followed a week later by another interesting debate, the motion being, "That the Dancing which goes on in the Lunch-hour at College is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." Both speakers, Miss Macintyre for and Miss Smyth against, gave animated and enjoyable speeches. The motion was lost, Miss Macintyre's heroic efforts being of no avail. The chair was taken by Mr. Grindle, owing to the absence of the Chairman.

The next debate provided the most animated discussion that we have witnessed for some time. Mr. Dudley was in the chair. The motion before the house was, "That a Stage Career is Demoralising." Miss Holt, for the affirmative, spoke clearly, concisely, and to the point, while the opposition was led by Mr. Sinclair. The motion was carried.

On February 5th and 6th, 1926, we will be welcoming to our College delegates from many Universities and University Colleges in England and Wales. On February 5th there will be an Inter-Varsity Debate in the Assembly Hall during the evening, the motion before the House being, "That Fanatics have contributed more to the Progress of the World than have Men of Sober Judgment." On February 6th we will have the pleasure of seeing our guests at the Students' Soirée. Several minor entertainments are being arranged for that week-end, particulars of which will be announced later. This is the first time that there has been an Inter-Varsity Debate and Dance here in Southampton, and it is up to all of us to show our visitors that the future University of Wessex is something worth fighting for.

V. M. C.

ORCHESTRAL & CHORAL SOCIETY.

IT is much to be regretted that these notes cannot tell of the progress of the opera, "The Pirates of Penzance." Unfortunately, the stage production of the opera has had to be shelved. However, it can still be sung, and we hope to sing it at a concert next term, simply as a non-dramatic opera.

This term the Society is giving an "Open Rehearsal" in the new Hall, which will include a vocal quartette and instrumental trio, as well as choral and orchestral items. Unfortunately, the activities of the Society, as a whole, are rather cramped, owing to the lack of funds, and we hope that soon an increase in the, at present, totally inadequate grant will lessen our financial worries.

It is pleasing and interesting to note that each Hostel has its own Choral Society, a fact that is abundantly reflected in the work of the Society at College.

H. G. B.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE session so far has proved highly successful, and meetings have been well attended on the whole, although we hope the Freshers will turn up in greater numbers next term.

On Monday, October 12th, the first general meeting of the session was held, and Mr. K. C. Edwards, B.A., was elected President, with a committee of six.

On Wednesday, October 14th, a large party visited the Palladium Picture House, where that most interesting film, "The Epic of Everest," was shown.

On Tuesday, November 10th, Mr. Turner gave a delightful lecture on "Kenya Colony," and told many amusing anecdotes of his experiences, while at the same time he conveyed to us a great deal of information.

On November 17th we were fortunate enough to have a lecture given us on "Salisbury," by Miss Hardy, of Salisbury Training College, and her slides, illustrating the subject, were much appreciated.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Mr. Rishbeth and Miss Miller for their support and helpful suggestions.

B. J. H.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

THE lateness of the opening meeting of the session seems to call for some explanation, and it should be pointed out that the difficulty experienced in starting was due, not to sluggishness of the internal mechanism of the Society, which, thanks to the untiring work of last session's Hon. Secretary and our energetic Treasurer, is in perfect working order; but to an eleventh hour hitch in the arrangements for a meeting at an earlier date.

This left a gap difficult to fill at short notice, but our President came to the rescue, and the first meeting took place on November 20th.

On this occasion Mr. A. J. C. Brookes lectured on "Accurate Measurements in Engineering Workshops," and we had the privilege of hearing the lecturer describe a method of direct generation devised by himself, by which the various sizes of gauge are obtained from the standard yard with an error of less than a millionth of their length. Slides were shown of the various machines used in the construction of these "end gauges," and the methods of ensuring parallelism and plane surfaces were fully explained.

The discussion which followed showed that the generally increased interest noted last session is being well maintained.

After the lecture, those present had an opportunity of examining specimens of the gauges and the machines used in their manufacture.

The next meeting will be on December 1st, when Mr. W. C. Freeman will give a lecture, entitled "The Production and Modern Application of Dissolved Acetylene," followed by a practical demonstration of the new process of lead burning, utilizing dissolved acetylene and oxygen.

It is hoped that Lieut. Grindle, R.N., will be able to give a lecture this term on "Naval Gunnery."

The annual meeting will take place next term.

Visits are being arranged for the summer term, together with other lectures, and the programme should soon be complete.

Special thanks are due to the President, Professor Eustice, for the active interest he is taking in this connection. His enthusiasm is infectious, and we confidently look forward to a successful session's work, worthy of the past history and traditions of the Society.

E. B. S. H.

SCI. SOC.

AS Dr. Boyd resigned the Presidency of the Science Society, Prof. Watkin kindly consented to act as President for this session, in which the Society attains its majority.

Three well-attended meetings of the Society have so far been held this term, at the first of which, on October 27th, it was decided that, in addition to lectures

of general interest, chiefly by members of the staff and outside speakers, each term two or three students would open discussions or read papers of interest, more particularly to advanced science students. The President then gave a talk on "Recent Advances in our Theories of Stellar Evolution," in the course of which very beautiful photographs of nebulae and star-clusters were shown, and Lockyer's theory of evolution, which is now favoured, was explained.

A meeting was held on November 12th, at which Prof. Mangham gave a lantern lecture on "Plants as Civil Engineers." The lecturer showed very convincingly how spartina solidifies mudflats, various grasses stabilise sand-dunes, and mixed vegetation partially prevents shingle beaches, such as the Chesil Beach, from moving inland. Many interesting local photographs taken by the speaker were shown.

At the third meeting an interesting paper was read by Mr. H. R. Mills on "Relativity Problems." Mr. Mills showed how the Michelson-Morley experiment led to the special theory of relativity, and then dealt with the more metaphysical general theory. In the discussion which followed, many questions were asked and answered, and additional points of interest were mentioned by members. The discussion was very well attended, considering the technical nature of the subject, and augurs well for next term's meetings.

D. E. L.

U. C. S. CHESS CLUB.

IN spite of difficulties arising from the loss of players, we have done quite well up to the present. At Eastleigh, an unexpected collapse at boards 3, 4, and 5 led to our only defeat.

There is a lack of enthusiasm among the First and Second Year men, but, now that there is a chess club at Highfield Hall, we are looking forward to the advent of women in future chess teams. Let the men look to their laurels!

K. L. Woodland and W. J. Hull are to be congratulated on their displays at boards 3 and 4.

RESULTS.

SOUTHAMPTON CHESS LEAGUE.

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|-----|
| v. Taunton's "A" | ... | ... | ... | ... | 4 | —2 |
| v. Woolston | ... | ... | ... | ... | 5½ | —1½ |
| v. Customs and Excise | ... | ... | ... | ... | 3½ | —2½ |
| v. Y.M.C.A. | ... | ... | ... | ... | 3½ | —2½ |
| v. O.S.O. | ... | ... | ... | ... | 5 | —1 |
| v. Taunton's "B" | ... | ... | ... | ... | 4½ | —1½ |
| v. Eastleigh R.I. | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2 | —4 |

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS.

| | Board. | Played. | Won. | Drawn. | Lost. |
|--------------------|---------|---------|------|--------|-------|
| F. A. Sanders ... | 1 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| B. A. Line ... | 2 | 7 | 4 | 2 | 1 |
| K. L. Woodland ... | 3 | 7 | 5 | 1 | 1 |
| W. J. Hull ... | 4 | 7 | 5 | 0 | 2 |
| H. F. Evans | } 5 & 6 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| A. F. Clarke | | 5 | 3 | 0 | 2 |
| I. J. Bunney | | 4 | 1 | 0 | 3 |



RUGGER.

WE commenced this season with great hopes. We had the nucleus of a good team from among the Seniors, and were able to find sufficient good Freshers to fill the vacant places.

Out of 8 matches played to date, we have won 5, drawn 1, and lost 2.

As usual, we lost our first match, but considered we did well to keep the score as low as 16-3 when playing a strong United Services' side. Then we began to do things. We defeated R.A.F., Calshot (at home), by 9-3, and H.M.S. "Fisgard" (at Portsmouth) by 6-5, in each case registering a first win against these clubs. Then injuries began to maintain a monotonous regularity, and we were forced to make many team changes. Nevertheless, we continued to do well, until our last match against Exeter. This produced a painful spectacle. For some unknown reason we failed to play as a side, each man wondering what was the trouble with the rest, and were defeated to the tune of 26-0. We congratulate Exeter on having a good side this year, and hope that when they come to us in February we shall be able to offer a much stronger opposition.

H. J. T.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

OUR application for entry into the Southampton Senior League being unsuccessful, our programme again consists of friendly matches. We started well with victories over the Engineering Draughtsmen, Portsmouth, Shell-Mex F.C., H.M.S. "Fisgard," and Winchester Training College. We also drew with the Engineering Draughtsmen at home, and had high hopes of doing well in the Travers Cup. The team for this match, however, weakened as it was by the absence of Kelley and Jewell, was disorganized by an injury to Tomsett five minutes after the start, and we were beaten 6-1. Since then we have beaten Banister Court, lost to the Rifle Depot, Winchester, beaten the Old Hartleyans, and drawn with the R.A.F., Calshot. The chief fault with the team is that most of the players are on the slow side, but the team combines well.

Bishop, the goalkeeper, has played some very good games, notably against R.A.F., Calshot, when our draw was undoubtedly due to his fine display.

Kelley is the strong man of our defence, and his absence was greatly felt in the cup-tie.

The right-back position has not been so easy to fill, but Wallen is now playing well there, although somewhat slow. Storey, Jewell, and Synham form a sound

half-back line. Storey again is rather slow, but he is a good positional player and tackles well.

Jewell has not yet reproduced his form of last year, but the season is young yet, and we are hoping to see him back to form again soon.

Synham is at his best on a firm ground, and the wet pitches on which we have played lately have severely handicapped him. His headwork is very good.

The forward line, although lacking in height and weight, has been fairly successful. On several occasions it was strengthened by the inclusion of Mr. Hughes.

Wright, captain and centre-forward, has led the line well, and is easily the most successful marksman. Benton and Chard combine well on the right wing, but are inclined to hold the ball too close. The same fault applies to Woodland, at inside-left. He is a clever individual player, but a judicious pass is sometimes better than beating three opponents and then losing the ball! Knott, on the left wing, is the most dangerous forward, and many goals have come from his centres. The players are now settling down as a team, and we hope to be more successful next term.

The Second Eleven has not had a very successful season to date, but we must thank all those players who have loyally supported the team in its adversity, and we hope for better results in the future. The leading goal scorers are:—

FIRST ELEVEN.—Wright (16), Benton (8), Woodland (7), Knott (5), Chard (4), Mr. Hughes (2).

SECOND ELEVEN.—Holden (3), Sussams (2), Cooke (1), Grant (1), Davis (1), Scharer (1), Stedman (1), Quarterman (1).

T. R. S.

MEN'S HOCKEY.

"MATCH scratched"—and usually only an hour or so before bully-off time! This seems to have been our motto at the opening of the season, for on four occasions already we have been deprived of matches in this way. (It is whispered that one man was so certain that the fifth would be scratched also, that he didn't turn out!). Hence this term's fixtures have been sadly curtailed.

Of the six matches played, we record an equal number won, lost, and drawn. Winning our first game, at Bournemouth, and defeating Winchester Training College (away) by 6—1, are our best performances. In the two games at Netley Hospital we were decidedly unlucky, and it is felt that the team is better than the results suggest. As the forward line settles down, goals will, doubtless, be even more plentiful.

Farrell is again the greatest asset of the side, and Collihole, Brandt, and Mr. Sinclair continue their valuable work in the defence. The undoubted improvement in the team is due to the advent of two good inside-forwards in Keates and Jones—who have already shown their goal-scoring abilities, while Royle and S. Wright are very ably filling the positions of right-back and right-half, respectively. There is a weakness on the wings, however, and improvement is necessary, especially on the right.

The sudden departure of our Secretary, Mr. J. L. St. John, was much regretted by all, and the members of the club wish to place on record their appreciation of his services, and wish him the best of luck at Shrewsbury.

The Exeter match! "A jolly good game," keen and clean throughout, and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, was unexpectedly lost by the only goal scored. Farrell, refusing to be kept away by injuries and examinations, played another great game; his attendance on the Exeter centre-forward provided many thrills, and saved the side from a heavy defeat. Play was very even, and the struggle proved most exciting. Our inside-forwards had very hard luck on several occasions. That this decision will be reversed next February is confidently expected by all.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

THE Club has this year a membership of thirty-nine, and as we have been fortunate enough to lose only four members of last year's First Eleven, we have, on the whole, a stronger team than previously. Out of seven matches we have won four, lost two, and drawn one. The loss against Exeter was a mistake we hope to rectify next term. Challenges from various new clubs have been received, and we hope that the Reading match will be followed next year by one with Bristol.

K. Y. K., Hon. Sec.

NETBALL CLUB REPORT.

THIS year interest in the Netball Club has increased considerably. We have six teams, all composed of keen players. Inter-Hostel matches have provided very vigorous games. We are now arranging inter-class matches.

Our first team has not so far excelled itself, but we feel that we are improving, especially after our draw with Exeter. Results to date are as follows:—

| | | | | | |
|------------------------|-----|-----|----------|-----|------------|
| St. Anne's | ... | ... | 1st team | ... | lost |
| Southsea Wesleyan Club | ... | ... | 2nd team | ... | lost |
| Old Hartleyans | ... | ... | 1st team | ... | won |
| Exeter U. C. | ... | ... | 1st team | ... | drew II—II |

In the Sussex and South Hants League we drew a bye in the first round, and have to play in the second round against the Convent High School on Wednesday, December 9th.

Inter-faculty matches will take place early next term. We look forward to some fast games, and hope to see some lively spectators.

We are glad to welcome supporters at any of the matches; a cheering noise helps considerably. Criticism and suggestions as to possible games are always welcomed by the Secretary.

M. E. B.

